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STAMMERING,
ITS CAUSE AND CURE,

By Drs. E. L. & H. Rivenburgh.

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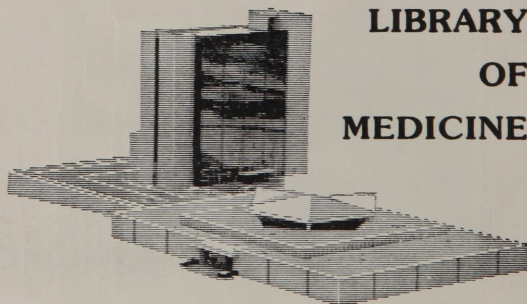
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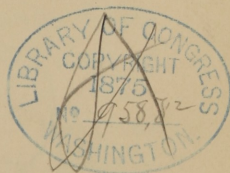
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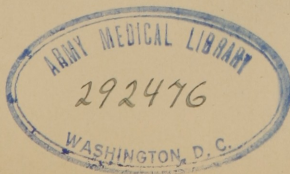
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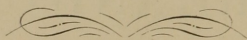
STUTTERING,
Stammering, Hesitancy,
LISPING, SUCTION AND EXHAUSTED BREATH,
THE
NATURE AND CAUSE,
AND THE
CURE FOR THE SAME,
AS PRACTICED BY
DRS. E. L. & H. RIVENBURGH,
AT THEIR
STAMMERING INSTITUTE,
CHICAGO, ILL.



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1875.



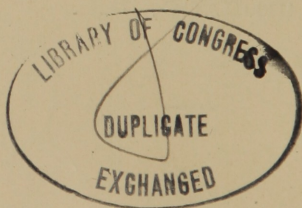
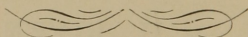
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P R E F A C E.

THE investigation of the nature and cause of Stammering, by the author, has led to the introduction of a system of practice entirely different and independent of all others, which have been attended with the happiest results, and need only to be known and tested to satisfy every candid mind of its utility.

It is a system simple in its principles, sure in its effects, and adapted to all the varied circumstances of mankind, both young and old, and based on truths as immutable as the law which regulates the motions of the heavenly bodies.

That men have accomplished much by furnishing the world with literature, art and science, will be conceded by all; nor will it be denied by any that there remains much to be done to carry all human institutions to the acme of excellence. Among the numerous proofs that our institutions have not attained their highest possible degree of perfection, is the fact that the world is now furnished with as much genius for contrivance, wis-

dom for inventions, and judgment for application, as at former times.

We live in an age remarkable for its improvements, and wonderful in its resources, and science has developed powers incredible as they are astonishing.

We live in an enlightened era, in which intelligence has accomplished more than the wisdom of all past generations. The time has come when the errors and superstitions of those dark ages, in a great measure, have given place to enlightened reason and improvement. And when we contemplate the great and multiplied discoveries and improvements which are continually going on through all the avenues of life, our minds are involuntarily led to ask: "To whom is the world indebted to for all this?"

How much reason have we to rejoice in the march of mind; the efforts of philanthropy, the benevolence of God, the simplicity and powers of the organs of speech, furnish, I think, sufficient reason for the exclamation,

"How wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such."

We contend that all stammering, in whatever form it may appear, is the effect of one general cause—which is the obstruction of the current of air from the lungs, and may be removed by one general remedy.

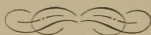
Our practice has, invariably, conformed to these general principles; and, in no instance, have we had occasion to doubt the correctness of their application; and as it is our wish, as far as in our power, to lessen the human miseries of our fellow man, we have endeavored to condense into this work whatever of our knowledge and experience we consider important for the stammerer to know of the nature of his disease, and its remedy, in plain, intelligible language.

If we shall, through this work, be the means of directing any, who are afflicted with stammering, to the simplest and safest means of recovery, that they may again enjoy the blessings of their speech, and the pleasures of society, we shall feel amply rewarded for all our toil in the pleasing reflection that our labor has not been in vain.

With these few remarks we issue our work,
trusting that its merits will be justly appreciated.

DRS. E. L. & H. RIVENBURGH..

Chicago, February 1, 1875.



STAMMERING AND ITS CAUSE.

Stammering is a functional derangement of the organs of speech, which renders them incapable, under certain circumstances, of obeying the will. No part of the vocal organs is wanting with those individuals who stammer, or who have an impediment in their speech; some parts may be more developed than others, which is true in all cases of stammering, but they generally are but imperfectly under the control of the will, and assume an irregular and rapid movement, while other parts, the motions of which are essential, remain comparatively inactive.

It would be well to mention in this connection, that there are different forms of impediment in speech. In some cases the person afflicted makes an effort to speak, and all his breath is expelled without producing vocality; this we pronounce exhausted breath. Then there are cases where persons try to speak while inhaling the breath; this we term suction of breath. Then, in others, the lips seem to be spasmodically closed; the person seems to lose all power over his vocal organs, and remains some moments

before he can recover sufficient energy to proceed; this we term hesitancy. In many cases the person repeats the word immediately preceding the one he is attempting to pronounce, or he repeats in a rapid manner the first element or the first syllable of the difficult word; this we term stuttering or stammering.

All of the above cases are curable, and all originate from the same cause, viz.: The spasmodic closure of the glottis, which cuts off all air from the lungs.

In this connection we propose to give the anatomy, physiology, and phonascettics of the vocal organs, as connected with the human voice.

ANATOMY OF THE VOCAL ORGANS.

1. The larynx is a kind of cartilaginous tube, which, taken as a whole, has the general form of a hollow reversed cone, with its base upward toward the tongue in the shape of an expanded triangle; it opens into the plarynx at its superior extremity, and communicates, by its inferior opening, with the trachea. It is formed by the union of five cartilages, namely, the *thyroid*, the *cricoid*, the two *arytenoid*, and the *epiglottis*. These are bound together by ligaments, and moved by muscles.

FIG. 1.

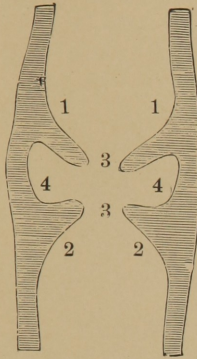


FIG. 1. An ideal, lateral section of the larynx. 1, 1, The upper vocal cords. 2, The lower vocal cords. 3, 3, The glottis. 4, 4, The ventricles of the larynx.

FIG. 2.

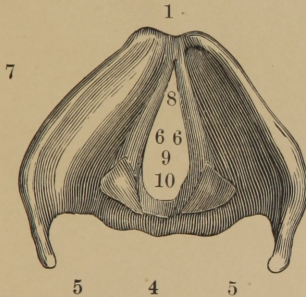
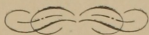


FIG. 2. A view of the larynx from above, showing the vocal ligaments. 1, The anterior edge of the larynx. 4, The posterior face of the thyroid cartilage. 5, 5, The arytenoid cartilages. 6, 6, The vocal ligaments. 7, Their origin, within the angle of the the thyroid cartilage. 9, Their termination, at the base of the arytenoid cartilages. 8, 10, The glottis.

In considering the actions of the muscles of the larynx, they may be conveniently divided into two groups, viz.: 1. Those which open and close the glottis. 2. Those which regulate the degree of tension of the vocal cords.

1st. The muscles which open the glottis are the *crico-arytaenoidei postici*; and those which close it are the *arytaenoideus*, and the *crico-arytaenoidei laterales*.

2d. The muscles which regulate the tension of the vocal cords are the *crico-thyroidei*, which makes tense and elongates them, and the *thyro-arytaenoidei*, which relax and shorten them. The *thyro-epiglottideus* is a depressor of the epiglottis, and the *arytaeno-epiglottidei* constrict the superior aperture of the larynx, compress the *sacculi* laryngis, and empty them of their contents. The *crico-arytaenoidei postici* separate the *chordae vocales*, and, consequently open the glottis by rotating the base of the *arytenoid* cartilages backward and outward, so that their anterior angles, and the ligaments attached to them, become widely separated, the vocal cords, at the same time, being made tense.

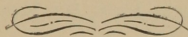


PHYSIOLOGY OF THE VOCAL ORGANS.

In the formation of the voice, each part already described performs an important office. The cricoid and thyroid cartilages give form and stability to the larynx; the arytenoid cartilages, by their movement, vary the width of the glottis.

The epiglottis is flexible and elastic. When it is erect, the chink of the glottis is open, as in inspiration; when depressed, as in swallowing food and drink, it covers and closes this aperture; it prevents the introduction of articles of food into the trachea, and, probably, modifies sound as it issues from the glottis. The muscles of the neck elevate and depress the larynx; the muscles of the larynx increase or diminish the width of the glottis; at the same time, the vocal cords are relaxed or tightened, while the muscles of the face open and close the mouth. The elasticity of the ribs and the contraction of the abdominal muscles diminish the cavity of the chest, and the air, in consequence, is pressed from the air cells into the bronchial tubes and trachea. It then rushes by the vocal cords, and causes a peculiar vibration, which produces sound. Sound is varied by the velocity of the expelled current of air, and the tension of the vocal ligaments.

The size of the larynx, the volume and health of the lungs, the condition of the fauces and nasal passages, the elevation and depression of the chin, the development and freedom of action of the muscles which are attached to the larynx, the opening of the mouth, the state of the mind, and general health of the system, influence the modulations of sound.



PHONASCETICS OF THE VOCAL ORGANS.

This is a practice, or a method of treatment for restoring the voice. We have shown, conclusively, by the anatomy and physiology of the vocal organs, that the arytenoid cartilages, by their rotating movement backward and outward, and by the elevation and curving of the chin inward, are the means by which the glottis is opened. Now, as stammering is produced by the spasmodic closure of the glottis, which cuts off the current of air from the lungs, our method of cure consists in an art by which to open the glottis, so that the velocity of the expelled current of air may have unobstructed egress from the lungs.

This art is performed by placing the head in an erect position, and rotating it outward, with the chin curving inward, while the word is being spoken. This is the means by which the glottis is opened. This gives the current of expelled air from the lungs unobstructed egress, and the word is articulated with ease. This, also, enables the patient to speak with the flow of the breath, which is one of the essential parts of the cure; great care should be taken, always, to speak with the head rotating outward, and the chin slightly curved

inward—never to speak with the head rotating backward. This rule must be strictly adhered to until the larynx, glottis and other vocal cords become strong and developed, and completely under the control of the will.

It is very essential to teach the patient correct articulation, as those who have been accustomed to pronounce their words in a careless or slovenly manner will find it difficult, even with their best efforts, to utter them distinctly. Their organs of articulation, for want of proper exercise, have become, as it were, refractory; and hence, they must be trained till they are brought under the control of volition, and made to act in harmonious concert. The patient, therefore, at the very commencement of the drill, should be conducted through a series of exercises calculated to strengthen the muscles of articulation, and render them obedient to the will. The best method of effecting this is to exercise on the elements of speech; first, on each element separately; second, on various combinations.



ACUTE AND GRAVE SOUNDS.

In the first attempt at reading, or reciting, or any conversation, both teacher and patient should speak in concert, in a deliberate manner, with a full, firm tone of voice, and at a very low pitch. From two to three lessons may be given in this low tone of voice, after which, commence to raise the voice, until two degrees above the natural pitch is attained; a degree, in talking, is estimated at a distance of ten feet.

The patient should be taught to speak with a sounding and commanding voice; and, also, should be drilled in grave and acute sounds—always remembering that the vowels should be exploded from the throat, and should be pronounced with the rising and falling inflections through every interval of pitch within the compass of the voice.

THE ERRORS OF ITALIANS AS TO WHERE SOUND IS PRODUCED.

The Italians call the natural voice *voce di petto*, and the falsetto voice *voce di testa*; because they suppose the former to come from the chest, and the latter from the head. This error has arisen

from a want of anatomical and physiological knowledge of the vocal organs.

Voice is never formed in the chest, or in the head. It is always formed in the upper part of the larynx, at the aperture of the glottis. It is, however, formed higher or lower in the throat, according to its degree of acuteness or gravity. At the command of the will, the larynx may be elevated or depressed, and the aperture of the glottis enlarged or diminished."

All persons have this command and control over their vocal organs, except the stammerer, and with them our art should be applied to expand the larynx and open the glottis.

The larynx is the most depressed, and the aperture of the glottis the most dilated, when the gravest sound is formed; and the larynx is the most elevated, and the aperture of the glottis the most contracted, when the acutest sound is formed. Hence, grave sounds appear to come from the chest and acute ones from the head, or roof of the mouth. From this circumstance, no doubt, has arisen the error of calling the natural voice *voce di petto*, and the falsetto voice *voce di testa*.

Voce di petto (Ital.), or voice from the breast.

Voce di testa, or voice from the head.

A FEW PRACTICABLE HINTS TO THE TEACHER.

We have given, in the foregoing, the nature and cause of stammering, and its cure. We would also add that the time of cure depends upon the following circumstances:

If the stammerer has a cheerful disposition, is distinguished for energy of mind, decision of character and will power, he can be cured in from one to two days. But if they are of a nervous temperament, subject to melancholy, irresolute of purpose, having no confidence in themselves, the time to perform the cure will be from one to three weeks. The extra time required in the latter case is, principally, taken up in teaching the patients proper articulation, and inspiring them with confidence, which is a very requisite qualification.

They, also, should be convinced that their success depends, mainly, upon their own exertions; that they must pursue the various exercises assigned them with indefatigable zeal, with untiring industry, assured that they have the organs of speech as other people; and nothing is necessary to enable them to use them as well but a conviction of their ability to do so.

To think that one *can* do, gives almost the ability to accomplish; but to think that one *cannot* do, virtually takes away the ability to do, even where it is ample.

The stammerer, as a general thing, places too low an estimate on himself; he is satisfied in taking a subordinate position. He is too apt to consider those around him lords of creation, and himself a mere serf. As this estimation of himself serves to perpetuate his disease, it is clear that its remedy must be found in making himself equal to any.

The teacher should study the disposition of his pupil; he should persuade him to banish from his mind all melancholy thoughts; in short, he should do everything in his power to render his pupil cheerful and happy.

We do not pretend to impart this art of curing stammering to the patient, in this printed work. It can only be done by one who has been thoroughly taught and well accomplished to put into practice its teachings.

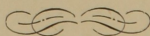
We would say in this connection, that the teacher should take great pains to inspire the patient with confidence. That, as soon as the patient can speak without stammering, a few persons should be occasionally introduced, and the number should be gradually increased. In this way the patient will

soon acquire sufficient confidence to speak before a large assemblage of people. We find this one of the best methods to inspire the patient with confidence. This rule should be strictly carried out.

There is another rule which should be strictly followed; and that is, the patient should be impressed with the importance, nay, necessity, of giving exclusive attention to the subject, and he should not be allowed to come and go at his own pleasure. We have found it very difficult, by any irregular course of treatment, to effect a radical cure.

EXERCISES IN READING AND DECLAMATION.

In that part of this work which consists of exercises in reading and declamation will be found a variety of exercises on the elements of the English language, which are calculated to develop the voice, increase its compass, and give flexibility to the muscles of articulation.



EXERCISES IN READING AND DECLAMATION.

Commence by counting, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., up to 50 or 100, in a drawling manner; repeat the same in a rapid manner.

Then practice 1, 2, 3 and 4 in sentences, by counting in this way: 1, 2, or two syllables at a time; then 1, 2, 3 in one sentence.

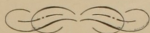
1st. 1—2—3—4—5—6—7—8—9—10, to 50 or 100.

2d. 1 2—3 4—5 6—7 8—9 10, to 50 or 100.

3d. 1 2 3—4 5 6—7 8 9—10 11 12.

4th. 13 14—15 16—17 18—19 20.

Also practice the letters of the alphabet in the same way: A—B—C—D—E—F—G—H—I, etc., in a drawling manner. Then two letters at a time: A B—C D—E F—G H—I J—K L—M N—O P—Q R—S.T—U V, etc. Then three letters in a sentence: A B C—D E F—G H I—J K L—M N O—P Q R—S T U—V W X—Y Z.



EXERCISE I.

Drawing Manner. 1—2—3—4—5—6—7—8—
9—10.

Rapid Manner. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10.

EXERCISE II.

Drawing Manner. 1 2—3 4—5 6—7 8—9 10.

EXERCISE III.

Drawing Manner. 1 2 3—4 5 6—7 8 9—10
11 12.

EXERCISE IV.

Rapid Manner. 13 14—15 16—17 18—19 20.

EXERCISE V.

Drawing Manner. A—B—C—D—E—F—G—
H—I—J—K—L—M.

Rapid Manner. N O P Q R S T U V W X
Y Z.

Rapid Manner. A B—C D—E F—G H—I
J—K L—M N—O P—Q R—ST—U V—WX—
Y Z.

Drawing Manner. A B C—D E F—G H I—
J K L—M N O—P Q R—ST U—V W X—Y Z.

NAMES OF PERSONS.

EXERCISE VI.

Names of Males.

Aa-ron.
A-bel.
A-bi-el.
A-bi-jah.
Ab-ner.
A-dam.
A-bra-ham.
A-dol-phas.
Al-bert.
Al-ex-an-der.
Al-fred.
Al-phe-us.
A-lon-zo.
Al-vin.
A-mos.
Am-a-sa.
Am-brose.
An-drew.
An-tho-ny.
A-pol-lo.
Ar-chi-bald.

Ar-te-mas.
Ar-thur.
A-sa.
A-salph.
Ash-er.
Au-gus-tus.
Bald-win.
Bar-na-bas.
Be-la.
Ben-ja-min.
Ben-e-dict.
Be-no-ni.
Be-ri-ah.
Be-thu-el.
Ca-leb.
Cal-vin.
Ce-phas.
Charles.
Chris-to-pher.
Clar-ence.
Clem-ent.
Con-rad.
Cy-rus.

Dan-iel.
 Da-ri-us.
 Da-vid.
 Eb-en-e-zer.
 Ed-gar.
 Ed-mund.
 Ed-ward.
 Ed-win.
 Eg-bert.
 El-e-a-zar.
 E-li-ab.
 E-li-as.
 E-li-hu.
 E-li-jah.
 E-phra-im.
 Fran-cis.
 Frank-lin.
 Fred-er-ic.
 Gid-e-on.
 God-frey.
 Gus-ta-vus.
 Hez-e-kiah.
 Ho-ra-tio.
 Hugh.
 Ich-a-bod.
 I-saac.
 Ja-bez.
 Jai-rus.

Jesse.
 Jas-per.
 Josh-ua.
 Jo-nah.
 Jo-tham.
 Laz-a-rus.
 Lem-u-el.
 Leon-ard.
 Le-vi.
 Mar-tin.
 Mo-ses.
 Mi-cah.
 Na-than-i-el.
 Nich-o-las.
 No-ah.
 O-bed.
 Ol-i-ver.
 O-tis.
 Paul.
 Pe-leg.
 Pe-rez.
 Phi-lan-der.
 Phin-e-as.
 Ralph.
 Reu-ben.
 Ru-fus.
 Sam-son.
 Seth.

Syd-ney.
 Syl-va-nus.
 Thad-deus.
 The-oph-i-lus.
 Tim-o-thy.
 U-ri-ah.
 Viv-i an.
 Win-fred.
 Zab-di-el.

Names of Females.

Ab-i-gail.
 Ad-a-line.
 Ar-ri-a.
 Be-lin-da.
 Car-o-line.
 Char-lotte.
 Co-ra.
 Deb-o-rah.
 Do-ra.
 E-li-za.
 El-len.
 Em-i-ly.
 Fran-ces.

Grace.
 Han-nah.
 Har-ri-et.
 I-da.
 I-nez.
 Jane.
 Jo seph-ine.
 Ju-dith.
 Lau-ra.
 Lu-cin-da.
 Mar-ga-ret.
 Mar-tha.
 Min-na.
 Nan-cy.
 No-ra.
 Ol-ive.
 Pris cilla.
 Ra-chel.
 Rho-da.
 Sa-rah.
 So-phia.
 Su-san.
 Vic-to-ri-a.
 Vi-o-la.



EXERCISE VII.

In Letter B.

Beck-on.

Bea-con.

Beak-er.

Bea-ver.

Be-ing.

Be-hive.

Bee-tle.

Bed-bug.

Bed-ding.

Bed-lam.

Bed-room.

Bed-stead.

Belch-ing.

Bel-fry.

Ber-ry.

Bet-ter.

Bev-el.

Bless-ed.

Bless-ing.

Bi-as.

Bi-ble.

Bi-ped.

Bi-valve.

Bri-dle.

Bri-er.

Brin-y.

Bib-ber.

Bick-er.

Bid-der.

Bid-ding.

Big-ness.

Big-ot.

Brew-er.

Bill-ion.

Bil-low.

Bish-op.

Bit-ter.

Bit-tern.

Blis-ter.

Brin-dle.

Bold-ly.

Bold-ness.

Bol-ster.

Bo-rax.

Bro-ken.

Bro-ker.

Block-head.

Block-house.

Blos-som.

Bon-fire.

Bon-net.

Both-er.
 Bul-let.
 Bull-ion.
 Bull-ock.
 Bul-ly.

Bul-rush.
 Bul-wark.
 Bush-el.
 Butch-er.

EXERCISE VIII.

After practicing on the names of persons, and on words commencing with B, then for Exercise VIII take the days of the week, and then the months; first in syllables and then the full word :

DAYS OF THE WEEK.

Mon-day—Monday.
 Tues-day—Tuesday.
 Wednes-day—Wednesday.
 Thurs-day—Thursday.
 Fri-day—Friday.
 Sat-ur-day—Saturday.
 Sun-day—Sunday.

THE MONTHS.

Jan-u-ary—January.
 Feb-ru-ary—February.
 Mar-ch—March.
 A-pril—April.
 May—June.
 Ju-ly—July.

Au-gust—August.

Sep-tem-ber—September.

Oc-to-ber—October.

No-vem-ber—November.

De-cem-ber—December.

EXERCISE IX.

Multiplication Table. We have found the practice of the Multiplication Table, with our patients, very beneficial, and would advise the teacher to see that his patients practice this exercise often, in this manner.

2	times	1	are	2.
2	"	2	"	4.
2	"	3	"	6.
2	"	4	"	8.
2	"	5	"	10.
2	"	10	"	20.

And so forth, all through the table.

This is one of the best exercises for practicing for those that are afflicted with suction or exhausted breath.

EXERCISE X.

DISTINCTNESS OF ARTICULATION.

In order to exercise the voice, and acquire distinctness of articulation, the patient is required, in this exercise, to pronounce, (as well as he can),

certain letters, which do not constitute a word, and then the words in which the same letters occur. It is not designed that he should call the letters by name, but endeavor to pronounce the sound which they represent when united.*

Sound the following letters, and then the words which follow, in which the same letters occur. Be particularly careful to give a clear and distinct sound to every letter.

<i>Aw.</i>	Law, saw, draw.
<i>Or.</i>	For, nor.
<i>Bd.</i>	Orbed, probed.
<i>Bdst.</i>	Robb'dst, prob'dst.
<i>Bl.</i>	Able, table, cable, abominable.
<i>Bld.</i>	Troubl'd, humbl'd, tumbl'd.
<i>Bldst.</i>	Troubl'dst, crumbl'dst, tumbl'dst.
<i>Blz.</i>	Troubles, crumbles, tumbles.
<i>Blst.</i>	Troubl'st, crumbl'st, tumbl'st.
<i>Br.</i>	Brand, strand, grand.
<i>Bs.</i>	Ribs, cribs, fibs, nibs.
<i>Cht.</i>	Fetch'd.
<i>Dl.</i>	Candle, handle, bridle, saddle.
<i>Dld.</i>	Handl'd, bridl'd, saddl'd.

* This lesson is deemed, by the author, one of the most important in the book, and *indispensably necessary* to be carefully practised and often repeated, in order to acquire distinctness of articulation. There are some letters and syllables, which are very frequently lost by a vicious pronunciation.

<i>Dlz.</i>	Candles, handles, bridles, saddles.
<i>Dlst.</i>	Fondl'st, handl'st, bridl'st.
<i>Dr.</i>	Drove, draw, drink, drive.
<i>Dz.</i>	Deeds, reeds, feeds, seeds.
<i>Dth.</i>	Breadth, width.
<i>Dths.</i>	Breadths, widths.
<i>Fl.</i>	Flame, fling, flounce, fly, flew.
<i>Fld.</i>	Trifl'd, sti'fld, rifl'd.
<i>Flst.</i>	Trifl'st, sti'fl'st, rifl'st.
<i>Flz.</i>	Trifles, rifles, stifles, ruffles.
<i>Fr.</i>	Frame, France, frown, front.
<i>Fs.</i>	Laughs, quaffs, staffs, ruffs, muffs.
<i>Fst.</i>	Laugh'st, quaff'st.
<i>Ft.</i>	Waft, raft, graft.
<i>Fts.</i>	Wafts, grafts, rafts.
<i>Ftst.</i>	Waft'st, graft'st.
<i>Gd.</i>	Bragg'd, begg'd, pegg'd.
<i>Gdst.</i>	Bragg'dst, begg'dst, pegg'dst.
<i>Gl.</i>	Glow, glance, glide, gluck, glad.
<i>Gld.</i>	Haggl'd, struggl'd, mangl'd, strangl'd.
<i>Gldst.</i>	Haggl'dst, struggl'dst, mangl'dst, strangl'dst.
<i>Glz.</i>	Mangles, strangles, struggles.
<i>Glst.</i>	Mangl'st, strangl'st, struggl'st.
<i>Gr.</i>	Grave, grand, grow, grind, ground.
<i>Gz.</i>	Pigs, figs, begs, pegs, cags, nags.
<i>Gst.</i>	Bragg'st, begg'st.
<i>Jd.</i>	Hedged, fledged, wedged, caged.
<i>Kl.</i>	Uncle, carbuncle, ankle, crinkle, rinkle.

<i>Kld.</i>	Rankl'd, tinkl'd, knuckl'd, truckl'd.
<i>Klz.</i>	Truckles, ankles, rinkles, uncles.
<i>Klst.</i>	Truckl'st, rinkl'st, buckl'st.
<i>Kldst.</i>	Truckl'dst, rinkl'dst, buckl'dst.
<i>Kn.</i>	Blacken, broken, spoken.
<i>Knđ.</i>	Blacken'd, reckon'd, beckon'd.
<i>Knz.</i>	Blackens, reckons, beckons.
<i>Knst.</i>	Black'nst, reck'nst, beck'nst.
<i>Knđst.</i>	Black'nst, reck'ndst, beck'ndst.
<i>Kr.</i>	Crony, crumble, crank, crankle.
<i>Ks.</i>	Thinks, brinks, sinks, thanks.
<i>Kst.</i>	Think'st, sink'st, thank'st.
<i>Ct.</i>	Sack'd, thwack'd, crack'd, smack'd.
<i>Lb.</i>	Elb, bulb.
<i>Lbd.</i>	Bulb'd.
<i>Lbz.</i>	Elbs, bulbs.
<i>Ld.</i>	Hold, told, fold, scold, roll'd
<i>Ldz.</i>	Holds, folds, scolds.
<i>Ldst.</i>	Hold'st, fold'st, roll'd'st, scold'st.
<i>Lf.</i>	Elf, self, shelf.
<i>Lfs.</i>	Elfs.
<i>Lft.</i>	Delft.
<i>Lj.</i>	Bulge, bilge.
<i>Lk.</i>	Milk, silk, elk.
<i>Lkt.</i>	Milk'd.
<i>Lks.</i>	Milks, silks, elks.
<i>Lkts.</i>	Mulcts.
<i>Lm.</i>	Elm, whelm, film.

<i>Lmd.</i>	Whelm'd, film'd.
<i>Lmz.</i>	Whelms, films.
<i>Ln.</i>	Fall'n, stol'n, swell'n.
<i>Lp.</i>	Help, scalp, whelp.
<i>Lps.</i>	Helps, scalps, whelps.
<i>Lpst.</i>	Help'st, scalp'st.
<i>Ls.</i>	False, pulse.
<i>Lst.</i>	Fall'st, call'st, dwell'st.
<i>Lt.</i>	Felt, halt, salt, malt, colt, dolt.
<i>Lts.</i>	Halts, colts, dolts, faults.
<i>Lv.</i>	Shelve, delve, helve.
<i>Lvd</i>	Shelv'd, delv'd.
<i>Lvz.</i>	Elves, shelves, delves.
<i>Lz.</i>	Balls, stalls, halls, falls, shells.
<i>Lsh.</i>	Filch, milch.
<i>Lsht.</i>	Filched.
<i>Lth.</i>	Health, wealth, stealth.
<i>Lths.</i>	Healths, wealths, stealths.
<i>Md.</i>	Entomb'd, doom'd, room'd.
<i>Mf.</i>	Humphrey.
<i>Mt.</i>	Attempt.
<i>Mts.</i>	Attempts.
<i>Mz.</i>	Tombs, catacombs, combs.
<i>Mst.</i>	Entomb'st, comb'st.
<i>Nd.</i>	And, brand, sand, hand, land.
<i>Ndz.</i>	Band, sands, hands, lands.
<i>Ndst.</i>	Send'st, defend'st, lend'st, brand'st.
<i>Nj.</i>	Range, strange, mange, grange.

<i>Njd.</i>	Ranged, flanged.
<i>Nk.</i>	Rank, think, crank, prank, sank.
<i>Nks.</i>	Ranks, thinks, cranks, pranks.
<i>Nkst.</i>	Rank'st, thank'st, think'st, sank'st.
<i>Nt.</i>	Sent, rent, went, bent, lent, trent.
<i>Ntst.</i>	Want'st, went'st, sent'st, lent'st.
<i>Nts.</i>	Wants, rents, scents.
<i>Nz.</i>	Fins, bans, scans, mans, fans.
<i>Nsh.</i>	Flinch, linch, pinch, bench.
<i>Nsht.</i>	Flinch'd pinch'd, bench'd, drench'd.
<i>Nst.</i>	Winc'd.
<i>Ngd.</i>	Hanged, banged, prolonged.
<i>Ngz.</i>	Songs, tongs, prolongs.
<i>Ngth.</i>	Length, strength.
<i>Pl.</i>	Pluck, ply, plain, plume.
<i>Pld.</i>	Rippled, tipped.
<i>Plz.</i>	Ripples, tipples, apples.
<i>Plst.</i>	Ripplest, tippolest.
<i>Pr.</i>	Pray, prance, prince, prime, prayer.
<i>Ps.</i>	Claps, raps, sips, nips, dips.
<i>Pst.</i>	Rapp'st, sipp'st, nipp'st, dipp'st.
<i>Rb.</i>	Herb, barb, disturb.
<i>Rbd.</i>	Barb'd.
<i>Rbs.</i>	Herbs, barbs.
<i>Rbst.</i>	Barb'st, disturb'st.
<i>Rbdst.</i>	Barb'dst.
<i>Rd.</i>	Bard, word, hard, lard, heard.
<i>Rds.</i>	Bards, words, interlards.

<i>Rdst.</i>	Héard'st, fear'dst, appear'dst.
<i>Rf.</i>	Surf, scurf, scarf, wharf.
<i>Rft.</i>	Wharf'd, scarf'd, scurf'd.
<i>Rg.</i>	Burgh.
<i>Rgz.</i>	Burghs.
<i>Rj.</i>	Barge, large, dirge, charge.
<i>Rjd.</i>	Urged, enlarged, charged.
<i>Rk.</i>	Hark, lark, ark, dark, stark.
<i>Rkt.</i>	Hark'd work'd, dirk'd.
<i>Rks.</i>	Harks, works, dirks, arks.
<i>Rkst.</i>	Work'st, embark'st, dirk'st.
<i>Rktst.</i>	Bark'dst, embark'dst, dirk'dst.
<i>RI.</i>	Snarl, marl, whirl, dirl, girl, hurl.
<i>RIä.</i>	Snarl'd, hurl'd, world.
<i>RIz.</i>	Snarls, hurls, whirls.
<i>RIst.</i>	Snarl'st, hurl'st, whirl'st.
<i>RIdst.</i>	Snarl'dst, hurl'dst, whirl'dst.
<i>Rm.</i>	Arm, harm, farm, alarm.
<i>Rmd.</i>	Arm'd, harm'd, alarm'd, warm'd.
<i>Rmz.</i>	Arms, harms, alarms, warms.
<i>Rmst.</i>	Arm'st, harm'st, alarm'st, warm'st.
<i>Rmdst.</i>	Arm'dst, harm'dst, alarm'dst.
<i>Rn.</i>	Burn, spurn, turn, fern.
<i>Rnd.</i>	Burn'd, spurn'd, turn'd.
<i>Rnt.</i>	Burnt, learnt.
<i>Rnz.</i>	Urns, burns, turns, spurns.
<i>Rnst.</i>	Earn'st, learn'st.
<i>Rndst.</i>	Earn'dst, learn'dst,.

<i>Rp.</i>	Harp, carp, warp.
<i>Rpt.</i>	Harp'd, carp'd, warp'd.
<i>Rps.</i>	Harps, carps, warps.
<i>Rs.</i>	Hearse, verse, terse.
<i>Rst.</i>	First, erst, worst, burst.
<i>Rsts.</i>	Bursts.
<i>Rt.</i>	Heart, dart, mart, hart, part, art.
<i>Rts.</i>	Harts, darts, marts, parts, arts.
<i>Rtst.</i>	Hurt'st, dart'st, part'st.
<i>Rv.</i>	Curve, swerve, carve.
<i>Rvd.</i>	Curv'd, swerv'd, nerv'd.
<i>Rvz.</i>	Curves, swerves, nerves.
<i>Rvst.</i>	Curv'st, swerv'st, nerv'st.
<i>Rvstst.</i>	Curv'dst, swerv'dst, nerv'dst.
<i>Rz.</i>	Errs, avers, prefers, offers, scoffers.
<i>Rch.</i>	Search, lurch, birch, church.
<i>Rcht.</i>	Search'd, church'd.
<i>Rsh.</i>	Harsh, marsh.
<i>Rth.</i>	Hearth, earth, birth, dearth, mirth.
<i>Rths.</i>	Hearths, earths, births.
<i>Sh.</i>	Ship, shut, shun, shine, share.
<i>Sht.</i>	Push'd, hush'd, brush'd crush'd.
<i>Sk.</i>	Mask, risk, brisk, frisk.
<i>Skt.</i>	Mask'd, risk'd, frisk'd.
<i>Sks.</i>	Masks, risks, frisks.
<i>Skst.</i>	Mask'st, risk'st, frisk'st.
<i>Sl.</i>	Slay, slew, slain, slim, slink.
<i>Sld.</i>	Nestled, bristled, wrestled.

<i>Sm.</i>	Smoke, smite, smart, small, smack.
<i>Sn.</i>	Snail, snarl, snort, snag.
<i>Sp.</i>	Spurn, spank, spirt, spa.
<i>Sps.</i>	Whisps, lisps.
<i>St.</i>	Starve, stay, stock, strike,
<i>Str.</i>	Strain, strong, strive, strung.
<i>Sts.</i>	Busts, lusts, masts, fasts, blasts.
<i>Th.</i>	Thine, thee, that, those, there.
<i>Th.</i>	Thin, thistle, thief.
<i>Thd.</i>	Wreathed, breathed, sheathed.
<i>Thz.</i>	Wreathes, breathes, sheathes.
<i>Thst.</i>	Wreath'st, breath'st, sheath'st.
<i>Tl.</i>	Little, title, whittle, bottle, settle, nettle.
<i>Tld.</i>	Settled, whittled, bottled, nettled.
<i>Tlz.</i>	Battles, whittles, bottles, nettles, settles.
<i>Tlst.</i>	Settl'st, whittl'st, bottl'st, nettl'st.
<i>Tldst.</i>	Settl'dst, whittl'dst, bottl'dst.
<i>Tr.</i>	Travels, trinket, trunk, contrive.
<i>Tz.</i>	Hats, flits, cats, bats, mats, brats.
<i>Tst.</i>	Combat'st.
<i>Vd.</i>	Swerved, nerved, curved, loved.
<i>Vdst.</i>	Liv'dst, nerv'dst, curv'dst, swerv'dst.
<i>Vl.</i>	Swivel, drivel, grovel, novel.
<i>Vld.</i>	Drivel'd, grovel'd.
<i>Vlz.</i>	Drivels, swivels, grovels, novels.
<i>Vlst.</i>	Drivel'st, grovel'st.
<i>Vldst.</i>	Drivel'dst, grovel'dst.
<i>Vn.</i>	Driven, riven, heaven.

<i>Vz.</i>	Lives, drives, swerves, nerves.
<i>Vst.</i>	Liv'st.
<i>Zl.</i>	Muzzle, dazzle.
<i>Zld.</i>	Muzzl'd, dazzl'd.
<i>Zlz.</i>	Muzzles, dazzles.
<i>Zlst.</i>	Muzzl'st, dazzl'st.
<i>Zldst.</i>	Muzzl'dst, dazzl'dst.
<i>Zm.</i>	Spasm, chasm.
<i>Zmz.</i>	Spasms, chasms.
<i>Zn.</i>	Prison, risen, mizzen.
<i>Znd.</i>	Imprisoned, reasoned.
<i>Znz.</i>	Prisons.
<i>Znst.</i>	Imprison'dst.

EXERCISE XI.

PITCH OF THE VOICE.

Every person has three keys, or pitches of the voice, called THE HIGH, THE MIDDLE AND THE LOW KEY.

The HIGH KEY is that which is used in calling to a person at a distance.

The MIDDLE KEY is that which is used in common conversation.

The LOW KEY is that which is used when we wish no one to hear, except the person to whom we speak; and is almost, but not quite, a whisper.

Each one of these keys or pitches of the voice has different degrees of loudness; and it is important

that the patient should exercise his voice in speaking in all of these keys, both with mildness and with force.

[The patient may read the following sentence in each of the different keys:]

They have rushed through like a hurricane; like an army of locusts they have devoured the earth; the war has fallen like a water-spout, and deluged the land with blood.

[Read the following in the high key.]

Next Anger rushed;—his eyes on fire, in lightnings owned his secret stings; in one rude clash he struck his lyre, and swept with hurried hands the strings.

[Read the following in the low key.]

With woful measures wan Despair—low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled:—a solemn, strange, and mingled air:—’twas sad by fits, by starts ’twas wild.

[Read the following in the middle key.]

But thou, O, Hope! with eyes so fair, what was thy delighted measure? Still it whispered promised pleasure, and bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!

[Read with the high key.] But, with a frown, Revenge impatient rose. He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down; and, with a withering look, the war-denouncing trumpet took, and

blew a blast so loud and dread, were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe. And ever and anon he beat the doubling drum with furious heat: [*Low key, very slowly.*] and though, sometimes, each dreary pause between, dejected Pity, at his side, her soul-subduing voice applied, [*High, key, rapidly.*] yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien, while each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

[*Middle key.*] Alexander, the Great, demanded of a pirate, whom he had taken, by what right he infested the seas. "By the same right," replied the pirate, "that Alexander enslaves the world. But I am called a robber, because I have only one small vessel; and he is styled a conqueror, because he commands great fleets and armies."

EXERCISE XII.

TRANSITION.

[It is important that the patient practice a change or transition of the voice from loud and forcible utterance to a softer and lower tone; and from rapid to slow pronunciation. In this lesson he is presented with a few examples in which such a change of manner is required.]

[*Softly and slowly.*] An hour passed on. The Turk awoke. That bright dream was his last.

[*More loudly.*] He woke—to hear the sentry shriek, [*Very loud and rapid.*] “To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!” [*Slowly and softly.*] He woke to die midst flame and smoke, and shout and groan, and saber stroke, and [*Faster and louder.*] death shots falling thick and fast, as lightnings from the mountain cloud; [*Still louder.*] and heard, with voice as trumpet loud, Bozarris cheer his band; [*Very loud, rapidly, and with much animation.*] Strike—till the last armed foe expires—Strike—for your altars and your fires—Strike—for the green graves of your sires, God—and your native land.

[*In a softer and slower manner.*] They fought—like brave men, long and well,—they piled that ground with Moslem slain,—they conquered—[*Very slowly, and in a mournful manner.*] but Bozarris fell, bleeding at every vein.

[*In a gentle manner and low tone.*] When, doffed his casque, he felt free air, around 'gan * Marmion wildly stare:—[*Much louder, and in a wild and somewhat angry manner.*] “Where's Harry Blount? Fitz Eustace, where? Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare? Redeem my pennon,—charge again! Cry—‘Marmion to the rescue.’—*Very*

* A contraction for *began*. See *apostrophe*, *Clark's Grammar*, page 196.

slowly, and almost in a whisper.] Vain! Last of my race, on battle plain that shout shall ne'er be heard again! [*Increasing in loudness.*] Yet my last thought is England's:—[*Louder, and with more earnestness.*] fly—Fitz Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie. [*More rapidly.*] Tunstall lies dead upon the field; his life-blood stains the spotless shield: Edmund is down,—my life is reft,—the Admiral alone is left. [*With much earnestness of manner.*] Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, with Chester charge and Lancashire, full upon Scotland's central host, [*Slowly.*] or victory and England's lost. [*Angrily.*] Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly! Leave Marmion here alone—to die.”

[*Distinctly, slowly, and in a moderate tone.*] Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew with wavering flight, while fiercer grew around the battle yell. [*Loudly and quickly.*] “A Home! a Gordon!” was the cry.

[*Slowly, and with feeling.*] Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen! Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, [*Loudly, and with emphasis.*] while bloody treason flourished over us.

[*Softly and slowly.*] Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel the dint of pity:—these are gracious drops. Kind souls! [*Quickly, louder, and with strong emphasis.*] What, weep you when you

but behold our Cæsar's VESTURE wounded?
[Very loudly and earnestly.] Look ye here!—here
 is HIMSELF—marred, as you see, by traitors.

[Very slowly and sorrowfully.] Oh, I could play
 the woman with mine eyes, and braggart with my
 tongue! *[With earnestness, louder and rapidly.]*
 But, gentle heaven, cut short all intermission;
 front to front, bring thou this fiend of Scotland
 and myself; *[Still more forcibly, but with a lower
 tone.]* within my sword's length set him; if he es-
 cape, heaven forgive him, too.

[Proudly, and with a loud and angry manner.]
 But here I stand and scoff you;—here I fling ha-
 tred and defiance in your face. *[In a much milder
 manner, slowly, and in derision.]* Your consul's*
 merciful—for this—all thanks. *[Very loud, and in
 a threatening manner.]* He DARES not touch a HAIR
 of Catiline.

[In a low tone, very softly.] His words do take
 possession of my bosom,—*[Louder, and with earn-
 estness.]* Read here, young Arthur. *[Very softly.]*
 How now, foolish rheum! turning despicable tor-

* The patient will notice that there are many abbreviations of this kind made in this book, in pieces which appear to be *prose*. All the sentences which are poetical have been printed in the form of prose to prevent the "*sing-song*" manner of reading. But it must be understood and recollected that, although *abbreviations* are allowable in poetry, they are not admitted in prose.

ture out the door! I must be brief, lest resolution drop out at my eyes in tender, womanish tears. [*Louder, and as if striving to hide his tears.*] Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

[*Slowly, and in a very sad manner.*] Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect. [*In an entreating manner.*] Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

[*In a stern manner.*] Young boy, I must.

[*In a very sorrowful and supplicating manner.*] And will you?

[*Sternly, and in an apparently determined manner.*] And I will.

[*With a very earnest, sorrowful, and entreating manner.*] Will you put out mine eyes? These eyes that never did, nor never shall, so much as frown on you?

[*In a rough manner, but still struggling to conceal his pity.*] I have sworn to do it; and with hot irons must I burn them out.

[*In a very pathetic manner.*] If an angel should have come to me, and told me *Hubert* should put out mine eyes, I would not have believed no tongue but Hubert's.

[*In a kind, relenting, and very feeling manner.*] Well—see to live; I will not touch thine eyes for

all the treasure that thy uncle owes.——[*In a slow, solemn, and decided manner.*] Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy, with this same very iron to burn them out.

[*In a joyful and grateful manner.*] O, now you look like Hubert! all this while you were disguised.

[*In an animated manner.*] The combat deepens. [*Very loud, rapidly, and with much energy.*] On, ye brave, who rush to glory, or the grave! Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave; and charge with all thy chivalry.

[*In a slow, solemn, and mournful manner.*] Ah, few shall part where many meet! The snow shall be their winding-sheet, and every turf beneath their feet shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

EXERCISE XIII.

Many men | of many minds,
Many birds | of many kinds,
Many fishes | in the sea,
Many men | that can't agree.



One horse | is black,
One horse | is bay,
One horse | is white,
And one | is gray.

One horse | is short,
One horse | is tall,
One horse | is large,
The other | small.

This white one | is good,
The bay | is not bad,
The four | are the best
The boy | ever had.

A gay | little squirrel
As ever | you will see,
Is this | little squirrel
That lives | in a tree.

In his snug | little house,
Away | from the cold,
He cracks | many a nut
With Fan, | I am told.

Now, Fan | is his mate,
All loving | is she;
No wonder | they are happy
And gay | as can be.

EXERCISE XIV.

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve-full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb.

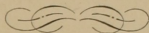
Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers; if Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.

Sarah Smith stands sorrowfully solus. She sees splendid spruces surrounding shady spots; she sees sunny suns shining; she smells savors. Sweet songsters, singing silvery strains, serenade Sarah, still she stands, sadly sighing. Suddenly she started! She saw some stranger strolling silently southward. "Stop!" she shouted, "stop, stranger, Sarah Smith says so." Stately she stood, sternly she shouted, "Stop!"

Samuel Slocum, successful statesman, smooth speaker, started, saw Sarah, seemed surprised; said, soliloquizingly, "Strange; seemingly scarce sixteen, so sweet, so simple, still so strangely sad. Say something, Sarah." She, stopping some silent

struggle, said, "Surely, some stranger sees sights; shall Sarah Smith shun such? scarcely." So, strolling silently southward, she said: "Sarah Smith scorns suspicious scandals; she seeks sympathy; seeks she successfully?" Still stole silvery streams slantingly southward. Samuel Slocum sat sweetly smiling; sun-set's serene splendor suggested supper; still she sat—supper seemed superfluous.

Some six Sundays succeeding, she signed some sketches, Sarah Smith Slocum.



POEMS.

If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

AS WE MAKE IT.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe, gold ears,
Until we first have been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.

It is not just as we take it—
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers.

MY NATIVE HOME.

I'm back again! I'm back again!
My foot is on the shore;
I tread the bright and grassy plain
Of my native home once more.
My early love! my early love!
Oh! will she love me now?
With a darkened tinge upon my cheek,
And scars upon my brow.

Yes, that she will ! yes, that she will !
 The flame her youth confessed
 Will never lack its warmth, within
 Her pure and constant breast.
 I'm back again ! I'm back again !
 My foot is on the shore ;
 I tread the bright and grassy plain
 Of my native home once more.

My early friend ! My early friend !
 Oh, will he stretch his hand,
 To welcome back the wanderer
 To his long-forsaken land ?
 Yes, that he will ! yes, that he will !
 The vow in boyhood spoken,
 The vow so fond, so true as ours,
 Can ne'er be lightly broken.
 Hail, native clime ! hail, native clime !
 Land of the brave and free !
 Though long estranged, thy exile ranged,
 His heart comes back to thee.
 I'm back again ! I'm back again !
 My foot is on the shore ;
 I tread the bright and grassy plain
 Of my native home once more.

ROVER'S SONG.

I'm afloat ! I'm afloat on the fierce rolling tide ;
 The ocean's my home, and my bark is my bride.
 Up—up with my flag ; let it wave o'er the sea ;
 I'm afloat ! I'm afloat, and the rover is free !

I fear not a monarch—I heed not the law ;
 I've a compass to steer by, a dagger to draw ;
 And ne'er as a coward or slave will I kneel,
 While my guns carry shot, or my belt bears a steel.

Quick!—quick! trim her sails; let her sheets kiss the
 wind;
 And I warrant we'll soon leave the sea-gull behind;
 Up—up with my flag—let it wave o'er the sea;
 I'm afloat! I'm afloat and the rover is free.

The night gathers o'er us; the thunder is heard!
 What matter? our vessel skims on like a bird;
 What to her is the dash of the storm-ridden main?
 She has braved it before, and will brave it again.

The fire-gleaming flashes around us may fall;
 They may strike; they may cleave; but they cannot
 appal.

With lightnings above us, and darkness below,
 Through the wild waste of waters right onward we go.

Hurrah! my brave crew—ye may drink; ye may sleep;
 The storm-fiend is hushed; we're alone on the deep;
 Our flag of defiance still waves o'er the sea;
 Hurrah, boys! hurrah, boys! the rover is free.

WINTER.

Winter is coming! who cares? who cares?
 Not the wealthy and proud I trow;
 "Let it come," they cry. "what matters to us
 How chilly the blast may blow?"

“ We'll feast and carouse in our lordly halls,
 The goblet of wine we'll drain;
 We'll mock at the wind with shouts of mirth,
 And music's echoing strain.

“ Little care we for the biting frost,
 While the fire gives forth its blaze;
 What to us is the dreary night,
 While we dance in the wax-light's rays?”

'Tis thus the rich of the land will talk;
 But, think! oh, ye pompous great.
 That the harrowing storm ye laugh at within
 Falls bleak on the *poor at your gate*.

They have blood in their veins, aye, pure as thine!
 But naught to quicken its flow;—
 They have limbs that feel the whistling gale,
 And shrink from the driving snow.

Winter is coming—oh! think, ye great,
 On the roofless, naked, and old;
 Deal with them kindly, as man with man,
 And spare them a tithe of your gold!

—ELIZA COOK.

HANG UP HIS HARP; HE'LL WAKE NO MORE.

His young bride stood beside his bed,
 Her weeping watch to keep;
 Hush—hush! he stirred not—was he dead,
 Or did he only sleep?

His brow was calm, no change was there,
 No sigh had filled his breath;
 Oh! did he wear that smile so fair
 In slumber or in death?

“Reach down his harp,” she wildly cried,
 “And if one spark remain,
 Let him but hear ‘Loch Erroch’s side;’
 He’ll kindle at the strain,

“That tune e’er held his soul in thrall;
 It never breathed in vain;
 He’ll waken as its echoes fall,
 Or never wake again.

The strings were swept; ’twas sad to hear
 Sweet music floating there;
 For every note called forth a tear
 Of anguish and despair.

“See! see!” she cried, “the tune is o’er,
 No opening eye, no breath;
 Hang up his harp; he’ll wake no more;
 He sleeps the sleep of death.”

—ELIZA COOK.

THE HORSE.

The horse! the brave, the gallant horse—
 Fit theme for the minstrel’s song;
 He hath good claim to praise and fame,
 As the fleet, the kind, the strong.

What of your foreign monsters rare?
 I'll turn to the road or course,
 And find a beauteous rival there
 In the horse, the English horse.

Behold him free on his native sod,
 Looking fit for the sun-god's car;
 With a skin as sleek as a maiden's cheek,
 And an eye like the polar star.

Who wonders not such limbs can deign
 To brook the fettering girth,
 As we see him fly the ringing plain,
 And paw the crumbling earth?

His nostrils are wide with snorting pride,
 His fiery veins expand;
 And yet he'll be led by a silken thread,
 Or soothed by an infant's hand.

He owns the lion's spirit and might,
 But the voice he has learnt to love
 Needs only be heard, and he'll turn to the word,
 As gentle as a dove.

The Arab is wise who learns to prize
 His barb before all gold;
 But is his barb more fair than ours—
 More generous, fast or bold?

A song for the steed—the gallant steed—
 Oh! grant him a leaf of bay;

For we owe much more to his strength and speed
Than man can ever repay.

Whatever his place, the yoke, the chase,
The war-field, road, or course,
One of Creation's brightest and best
Is the horse, the noble horse !

—ELIZA COOK.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it ; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair ?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs ;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart ;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell ? a mother sat there ;
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear ;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide ;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray ;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.

Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
 My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled ;
 I learnt how much the heart can bear,
 When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
 With quivering breath and throbbing brow :
 'Twas there she nursed me—'twas there she died ;
 And memory flows with lava tide.
 Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
 While the scalding drops start down my cheek ;
 But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
 My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

—ELIZA COOK.

NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.

Whom do we dub as gentlemen? The knave, the fool,
 the brute—
 If they but own full tithe of gold, and wear a courtly
 suit!
 The parchment scroll of titled line, the riband at the
 knee,
 Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree :
 But nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth HER
 nobly born,
 And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to
 scorn ;
 She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half
 divine,
 And cries exulting, "Who can make a gentleman like
 mine?"

She may not spend her common skill about the outward
 part,
 But showers beauty, grace, and light, upon the brain
 and heart;
 She may not choose ancestral fame his pathway to
 illumine—
 The sun that sheds the brightest day may rise from mist
 and gloom.
 Should fortune pour her welcome store, and useful gold
 abound,
 He shares it with a bounteous hand and scatters bless-
 ings round.
 The treasure sent is rightly spent, and serves the end
 designed,
 When held by nature's gentleman, the good, the just,
 the kind.

He turns not from the cheerless home, where sorrow's
 offsprings dwell;
 He'll greet the peasant in his hut—the culprit in his cell.
 He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourn-
 ing love,
 He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith
 above.
 The orphan child, the friendless one, the luckless, or
 the poor,
 Will never meet his spurning frown, or leave his bolted
 door;
 His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the
 globe—
 An honest name his jewelled star, and truth his ermine
 robe.

He wisely yields his passions up to reason's firm control—

His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the soul.

He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of life,

But will not love the revel scene, or head the brawling strife.

He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no honeyed tongue!

He's social with the gray-haired one, and merry with the young;

He gravely shares the council speech, or joins the rustic game,

And shines as nature's gentleman in every place the same.

No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone his word,

No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard;
He'll suit his bearing to the hour—laugh, listen, learn or teach,

With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candor in his speech.

He worships God with inward zeal, and serves him in each deed;

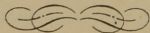
He would not blame another's faith, nor have one martyr bleed;

Justice and mercy form his code; he puts his trust in Heaven;

His prayer is, "If the heart mean well, may all else be forgiven!"

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare
 gems there are,
 Each shining in his hallowed sphere, as virtue's polar
 star.
 Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, cor-
 rupt, and dark,
 Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn ; lit by Prome-
 thean spark,
 There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by pelf or
 pride.
 Great in the calm, but greater, still, when dashed by
 adverse tide,—
 They hold the rank no king can give, no station can
 disgrace.
 Nature puts forth HER gentleman, and monarchs must
 give place.

—ELIZA COOK.



EXERCISES IN READING.

SOLILOQUY OF HAMLET ON DEATH.

To be, or not to be?—that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or, to take arms against a sea of trouble,
And, by opposing, end them.

To die—to sleep—
No more?—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.

To die—to sleep ;
To sleep—perchance to dream ; ay, there's the rub ;
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life.

For, who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes—
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?

Who would fardels bear
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death
 (That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveler returns) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn away,
 And lose the name of action.—*Shakspeare.*

HOTSPUR'S SOLILOQUY ON THE CONTENTS OF A LETTER.

“But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.”—He could be contented to be there! Why is he not, then?—In respect of the love he bears our house! He shows in this he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more.

“The purpose you undertake is dangerous.”—Why, that's certain;—'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my Lord Fool, out of this nettle danger we pluck this flower safety. “The purpose you undertake is dangerous;

the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."—Say you so?—say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie !

What a lackbrain is this ! Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant;—a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation;—an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this ! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglasses? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not some of them set forward already?

What a pagan rascal is this!—an infidel ! Ha ! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. Oh ! I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honorable an action ! Hang him ! let him tell the king. We are prepared. I will set forward to-night.—*Shakspeare.*

ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIANS.

My brave associates! partners of my toils, my feelings and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?—No,—you have judged as I have the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude ye. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which in a war like this can animate their minds and ours.

They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder and extended rule;—we—for our country, our altars and our homes! They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate;—we serve a country which we love, a God whom we adore.

Where'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress; where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error. Yes,—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice and pride!

They offer us their protection;—yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs,—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter

all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise.

Be our plain answer this: The throne we honor is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave father's legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die—with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this; and tell them, too, we seek no change, and least of all such change as they would bring us !—*Sheridan*.

THE ORATOR'S GIFT.

Art may develop and perfect the talent of a speaker, but cannot produce it. The exercises of grammar and of rhetoric will teach a person how to speak correctly and elegantly, but nothing can teach him to be eloquent, or give that eloquence which comes from the heart and goes to the heart. All the precepts and artifices on earth can but form the appearances or semblance of it. Now, this true and natural eloquence, which moves, persuades, and transports, consists of a soul and a body, like man, whose image, glory, and word it is.

2. The soul of eloquence is the center of the human soul itself, which, enlightened by the rays of an idea or warmed and stirred by an impression,

flashes or bursts forth to manifest, by some sign or other, what it feels or sees. This it is which gives movement and life to a discourse; it is like a kindled torch or a shuddering and vibrating nerve.

3. The body of eloquence is the language which it requires in order to speak, and which must harmoniously clothe what it thinks or feels, as a fine shape harmonizes with the spirit which it contains. The material part of language is learnt instinctively, and practice makes us feel and seize its delicacies and shades. The understanding, then, which sees rightly and conceives clearly, and the heart which feels keenly, find naturally, and without effort, the words and the arrangement of words most analogous to what is to be expressed. Hence the innate talent of eloquence, which results alike from certain intellectual and moral aptitudes, and from the physical constitution, especially from that of the senses and of the organs of the voice.

LIBERTY AND UNION, ONE AND INSEPARABLE.

I cannot persuade myself to relinquish this subject without expressing my deep conviction that, since it respects nothing less than "THE UNION OF THE STATES," it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in

view the prosperity and honor of the whole country and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country.

2. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life.

3. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

4. I have allowed myself to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight,

I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

5. While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise—that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind!

6. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union—on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent—on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, “*What is all this worth?*” nor those other words of delu-

sion and folly, "*Liberty first, and union afterward;*" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!

Thou, too, sail on, O, Ship of State,
 Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
 Humanity, with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
 We know what master laid thy keel,
 What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 In what a forge and what a heat
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

DUELLING.

Man has not power over his own life; much less is he justified in depriving another human being of life. Upon what ground can he who engages in a duel, through the fear of ignominy, lay claim to courage? Unfortunate delinquent! do you not see by how many links your victim was bound to a multitude of others? Does his vain and idle resignation of his title to life absolve you from the enormous claims which society has upon you for his services—his family for that support of which

you have robbed them, without your own enrichment? Go stand over that body; call back that soul which you have driven from its tenement; take up that hand which your pride refused to touch not one hour ago. You have, in your pride and wrath, usurped one prerogative of God. You have, inflicted death. At least, in mercy, attempt the exercise of another; breathe into those distended nostrils,—let your brother be once more a living soul! Merciful Father! how powerless are we for good, but how mighty for evil! Wretched man! he does not answer—he cannot rise. All your efforts to make him breathe are vain. His soul is already in the presence of your common Creator. Like the wretched Cain, will you answer, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” Why do you turn away from the contemplation of your own honorable work? Yes, go as far as you will, still the admonition will ring in your ears: It was by your hand he fell! The horrid instrument of death is still in that hand, and the stain of blood upon your soul. Fly, if you will—go to that house which you have filled with desolation. It is the shriek of his widow—they are the cries of his children—the broken sobs of his parent; and amidst the wailings you distinctly hear the voice of imprecation on your own guilty head! Will your honorable feelings be content with this? Have you now had abundant and gentlemanly satisfaction?

THE POWER OF HABIT.

I remember once riding from Buffalo to Niagara Falls, and said to a gentleman,

“What river is that, sir?”

“That,” said he, “is the Niagara river.”

“Well, it is a beautiful stream,” said I—“bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?”

“Only a mile or two,” was the reply.

“Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show when near the Falls?”

“You will find it so, sir.”

And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget. Now launch your bark on that Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank:

“Young men, ahoy!”

“What is it?”

“The rapids are below you!”

“Ha! Ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to

the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed; there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! Ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may—will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

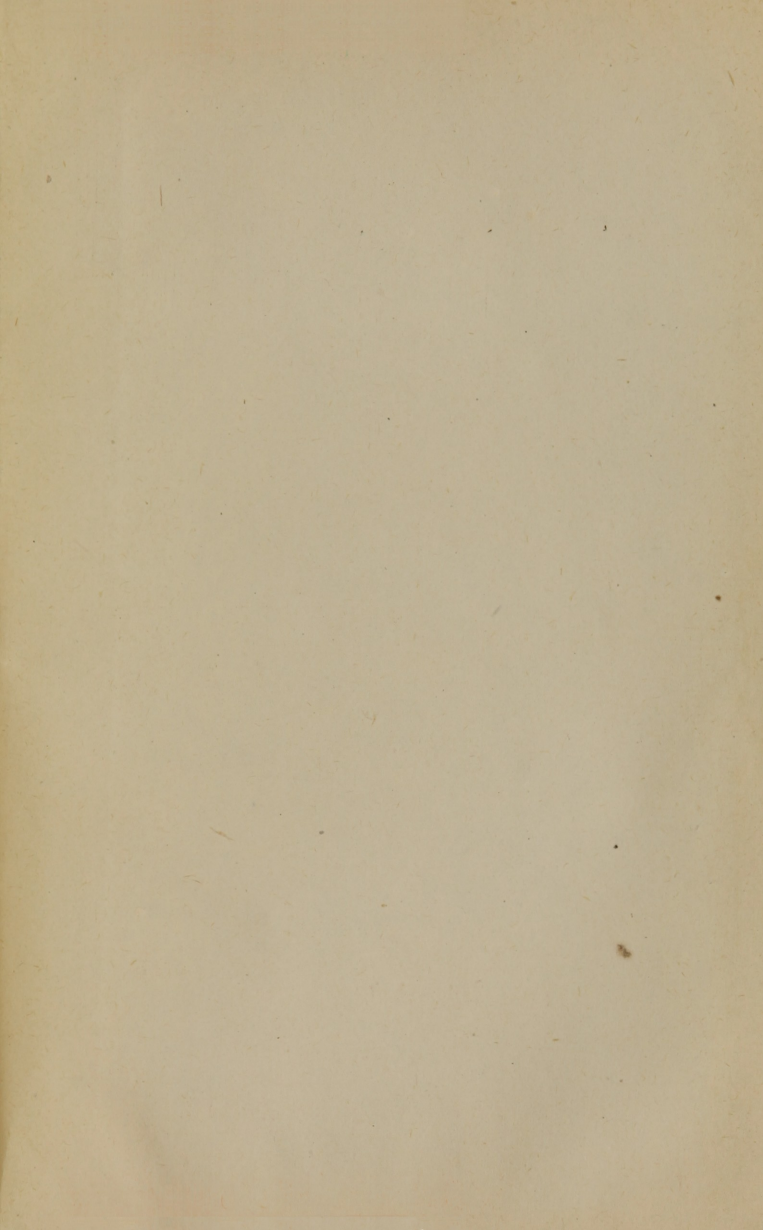
"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! beware! The rapids are below you!"

Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over they go.

Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power of habit, crying all the while, "When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up!"



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